

NOOK OF THOUGHT

"... Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but indeed and in truth."—1st St. John, 3:18.

The distributor acted as if he were handing out pornographic literature as he stopped me on my way and slipped a roll of papers into my hand.

I unrolled the packet and found a dozen leaflets, pamphlets and papers of various sizes dedicated to various subjects; such as, Vote for Dewey and Bricker, anti-Roosevelt, anti-Winchell, anti-Negro, and similar political propaganda of hate.

The Winchell pamphlet was a reprint from the Congressional Record with an "Answer to Walter Winchell" (further on he is called Lipschitz, the Jew), who is "persecuting the Gentiles." It was malicious and anti-Semitic in intent. What amazed me was how one Jew, even if he be Walter Winchell, could persecute 130 million Americans. Phenomenal!

The anti-Negro-Roosevelt leaflets carried pictures of the First Lady and a reprint of her syndicated column, "My Day," of September 20, 1940. One section, in bold type, revealed the fact that she had dined at a banquet sponsored by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters (composed of Negroes). On the opposite side, in a full page picture, Mrs. Roosevelt was shown flanked by two handsome Negro army cadets, who acted as a guard of honor. Such a faux pas!

Even if the Roosevelts were king and queen (as some of their enemies claim they are in effect), all their subjects would be treated alike and paternally. So what if two Negro soldiers acted as guard of honor once in 12 years? They looked much better than some whites I know who are white in skin and black in soul. And if Mrs. Roosevelt did dine at a Negro banquet, that's her business, and she is not forcing us to do the same.

If we here don't call a Negro "Mr." or "Mrs.," or don't admit them through a front door, or bar them from our restaurants, cinemas and churches, that is our business—although it sounds just like Nazi Germany to me.

Not even Christ with all His love and the religion that teaches the abandonment of barriers of race and class could prevail upon hypocritical Christians to practise tolerance.

"There is neither Jew nor Gentile. There is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise."—Gal. 3:28-29.

If Christ can't, certainly the entire Roosevelt clan would find themselves helpless to combat our "flowery traditions" even if they tried, and God knows they are not even trying. Hitler may not, but we may.

Other papers in the packet so generously offered me berated the Commander-in-Chief of war-time America, condemned gas rationing, food rationing, shoe rationing, price ceilings, etc. On the whole, the papers indicated that they were published by forces of evil of every type. Exploiters who are mad—angry because they can't "skin" people with sky-high prices, and by groups with Fascist in-

price of cheese in China, I don't know. (By the way, when Miss Wilson first arrived, we men combed our hair, but our effort was wasted) ... Another letter of praise comes from Mrs. Dallas Smith, formerly of Moss Point, Miss., whose daughter, Sally Lou, attended Organic. She writes: "I never liked Mississippi, but Fairhope is different. I loved it there. I miss all of you at the Organic more than I can tell you." There—. The Smiths reside now in Bethesda, Md. ... Headlines: "Leatherneck Pfc. and Bougainville Vet finds Robertsdale kids rough." After seeing front-line action and facing determining foes, Woodward Skinner, himself a Robertsdaler, received quite a mauling at the hands of 15-16 year old kids while playing football with them. The various scars received during their "gentle" game made Woody look like a tattooed Maori. He was amazed at their strength. Those Baldwin County Czechs and Swedes grow big and rough. Our Organic team each time it goes to face them always takes along a supply of first aid and a prayer that they come back whole in body if not in spirit ... Speaking of sports, Robert Calhoun will be in charge at Organic. He will also supervise the Merry-Go-Round which will appear every month and like wise teaches chemistry, science and some math subjects ... Proff Goodhue, delight of Organic kiddies of the primary grades, as in past years, is still the master of the shop and its various wood crafts ... Adele Hoffman Gregg and Robert Calhoun have banded together and are busy planning various entertainments for the Organic students. That will be the part of schooling the students will love most ... Clare Totten Gray is in charge of the folk dancing at Organic. The Tottens had a busy summer entertaining visiting brothers, sisters and future sisters-in-law. The last one to visit is F.O. Parker Totten who is home on a furlough ... "Sassity Noose" Paul Gaston and George "Big-boy" Stimpson hitch hiked to attend the first three opening games of the World Series in St. Louis. I regret I did not see what the "best dressed hitch hikers" wear, but I'm sure they wore something.

AS FOR MYSELF

The period since my last writing was calm enough. I now weigh three pounds more than I ever did, 113. Imagine that! I'm actually growing fat!

I was made happy with the visit, twice during the same week, of Cpl. Jimmy Casebere, Adele Hoffman Gregg and Bob Calhoun. It is always so good to see friends and to talk about "home and school."

The only incident that gave me any momentary reflection was, when through a letter I was informed that my chances of recovery were "one out of a thousand" and by a sheer miracle at that (the party probably meant when I first entered the sanatorium—for at present I look anything but like a dying swan, even the T. B. can prove treacherous). I was not alarmed. ("Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed: for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee." Isaiah 41:10). However, I did review my period of illness and what wonderful friends I have. Friends who prayed and friends who kept me happy with letters, tokens and visits. I'd like to take the opportunity to thank all of them who have offered prayers for me.

To the Jesuit Fathers McCarthy and Cronin of Spring Hill College, Ala., to my Jesuit friend Fra. Francis X. Meyer, S. J., of Shreveport, La., to Mr. Thomas Raby for his prayers and votive lights to the Little Flower, Mobile, Ala., to the St. Jude Society of Chicago for their prayers and votive lights to St. Jude. To Father Onuphrius T. S. Kowalsky of the Ukrainian Eastern Catholic Church of Ramey, Pa. To Mrs. Lillian Totten and the Silent Unity of Kansas City, Mo., to my friends, the Methodist ministers, Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Payson and Rev. Rodney Shaw and to Rabbi Jacobs of New York. To the Nazarenes and the Assembly of God (Pentecostal) denominations who come here to pray for us and to all who have prayed privately for my recovery. God is great and nothing is impossible with Him.

Also, my grateful thanks to the many friends who came to my assistance materially and personally. The foremost in this group is Mrs. Camilla Bonnell, of Fairhope, who appeared like a guardian angel from heaven at the moment of need and has cared for me and worried over my welfare unceasingly an no mother or kin could surpass. It is beyond my comprehension to discover why I deserve such friendship from her and all Fairhophians. I dare not list the names of all, it would be like reading off the telephone directory. I am grateful for every bit and the fact that in these hard times of lack of gasoline and tires, they do not hesitate to visit me, a stranger, covering a round trip of over sixty miles. Indeed you are true friends and your devotion is sincere. It brings to my mind the saying of Christ: "For I was hungry, and you gave me food: I was thirsty, and you gave me drink: I was a stranger, and you took me in: Naked, and you clothed me: I was sick, and you visited me ..." Matt. 25:35-36.

My thanks to those who came to my assistance as groups, or heading groups. To the School of Organic Education and its pupils. To the Baldwin County T. B. Association. To the Central Baldwin County Red Cross. To Mobile County Teachers Association. To the Lith. Roman Catholic Alliance, to Sarah Gertrude Knott of Philadelphia Pa., to Col. P. Zadeikis, Washington, D. C., to the Bobbies Club in Chicago. To the nurses and co-workers of the Sanatorium who treat me with every consideration. To Miss Jessie Garrison and the Alabama State Departments, and to every individual in Fairhope, Chicago and everywhere. I pray for the continuation of your friendship and when I finally am back on my feet, through the grace of God, I shall try to prove myself worthy of your friendship and devotion.

Pasimatysim,
Vyts - Fin.

clinations. No paper shortage for such trash, it seems!

Jew, Gentile, Negro and White are fighting for our democracy, for the American way of life and for the Four Freedoms. We are sacrificing our best youth for these ideals which the hate-mongers are set to destroy. Over 20 million people, mostly innocent children, women and the aged, have lost their lives since the start of the war, not to mention the utter ruin and devastation and sorrow.

If such elements as printed and distributed the leaflets I read with nausea support Dewey and Bricker, then we would rather have Roosevelt.

We are fighting for peace and universal brotherhood and not for the perpetuation of hatred, chauvinism and chaos. The mess Hitler created should be lesson enough to keep away from such theories and instead paraphrase the Litany, "From all evil and Fascists, save us, O Lord!"

V. F. BELIAJUS

YOUR COMMENT

PAGING PVT. GROSSMAN!

Fin, as for Pvt. Grossman in his blast of the South: we will not try to condone many conditions that exist in the South. We have heard of G-I's definitely being fleeced numerous times in the purchasing of articles. But since there is always the defense versus the prosecution let Pvt. Grossman realize that for a number of years now most of the personnel in the army have been sent South because of its better all-around climate for the training of troops. Consequently two contrasting pictures were shown. The one in the North was a picture like St. Louis where you had almost a million urban population to absorb about 75,000 personnel who were taking a four or five month course.

On the other hand, you had a picture of the South like Ft. Benning where there are a 100,000 Infantry and Artillerymen who were soon going overseas; the population of the nearby towns certainly could not exceed 30,000 in population.

Anyway, Fin, as you said, something to this effect, that Fairhope is in a class of its own; cosmopolitan in spirit and Southern in location.

Cpl. James Mitchell (SOE)
Scott Field, Ill.

YES, SIR, FRIENDS I GOT!

As an old timer in the advertising and publishing field I must tell you that Viltis is probably the most unusual publication in the U. S. How you are able to gather all those facts is beyond me. To me all this indicates that you possess many real interesting and honest-to-goodness friends. There must be a reason for all this — so you must get well quickly.

Eddy Strull,
Chicago, Ill.

IS AH IS?

Dear Vyts—Viltis gets better 'n better! I think when you get well, in addition

to dancin', you should get into the writin' business. You are "plumb" good, "Kid."

Sarah Gertrude Knott
Folk Festival Dir.
Philadelphia, Pa.

IT'S THE TRUTH

CHOICE

Lt. Col. Wm. King, 5th Army Chaplain, was in a cemetery with 20 Negro soldiers who were digging new graves. Enemy planes let go bombs and the Colonel found himself the only man in sight. He looked down to find his men flattened in the grave and said: "Don't you hate to get down in that grave?"

One boy's eyes flashed as he replied: "No, Suh, I'd rather be here temporary than permanent."

BABIES

Cheyenne, Wyo.—"Do you have a Private Twobabies in your outfit?" An M. P. inquired of Supplemental Training Co. No. 3 at Fort Warren.

Told there was a Pvt. Amos Twobabies, an Indian, the M. P. said: "Tell him his wife and three babies are waiting down at the railroad station."

Pvt. and Mrs. Twobabies really have four babies, but one was left at home.

NAMES IS NAMES

Kansas City—Called on the carpet by Army intelligence to explain his "code" in writing home that he bought his mother and Eiffel Tower some perfume, Pfc. Wilbur Sisk disclosed that Eiffel Tower is his sister-in-law of Kansas City.

SAD STORY

Pottsville, Pa.—Sgt. Walter J. Rogers, tho happy to be home after 15 months fighting in the Italian campaign, sadly said: "All my buddies are gone. There's no one to go out with except girls."

BROTHERLY VISIT

A fox hole in Northern France wasn't the spot he would have chosen for a family reunion. But Paul Harp was pleased and surprised when his brother, Leon, whom he hadn't seen for two and one-half years stumbled in upon him during the battle.

SURPRISE REBUTTAL

New Orleans, La.—Wired Navy Lieut. S. J. Knudsen to his wife in Missoula, Mont.

"She's a fine craft. Her name is USS-LST."

From the maternity ward of a Missoula hospital Mrs. Knudsen wired back:

"She's a fine baby. Her name is Margie Ann."

GESUNDHEIT!

Rock Island, Ill.—Mrs. R. C. Mitchell was about to congratulate herself on the neat job parking her automobile. But just as she was making the final maneuvers, she sneezed, her foot slipped off the brake and her car rammed into another auto.

She told police the sneeze was to blame for the collision.

ON TH NOSE!
Ft. Scott, Kan.—An angry bull attacked Cleve Daly. He grabbed it by the horns—and bit it on the nose. Surprised by this counter-attack, the bull backed away. Nose-nibbler Daly scooted for safety.

FINNY'S FUNNIES

SURIVAL OF MEN

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wine and beers
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of scotch or rye.

The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum and gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then at twelve short years it croaks.

The modest sober bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live and sinless die.

But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive to three-score-years-and-ten.
And some good men, a mighty few,
Stay pickled till they're ninety-two.
Tanx to Jimmy Casebere (SOE)
Dale Mabry Field, Fla.

Little Boy: "Say mister, let me have six of those diapers."
Clerk: "Here you are. That will be 90 cents, and two cents for tax."
Little Boy: "Never mind the tacks, Mom uses safety pins."

Mrs. Visitor: "Where are your mother and dad, Joe?"
Joe: "They was here but now they ain't."
Mrs. Visitor: "Was, but now they ain't. Joe, where is your grammar?"
Joe: "Oh, she is in the kitchen."

Famous last words: "If the colonel will kindly button his lip for a minute I can explain everything."

"It's so hot in the South Pacific—the boys report the trees are running after the dogs."

An artist met a quaint character wandering around: "I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me paint you."
The character hesitated and scratched his head.

"It's easy money," the artist urged, reaching for his wallet.
"Thar ain't no question about that," agreed the character. "I was just trying to figure out how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

The snow was falling softly. There was a definite winter-time scene being set. Poetically the soldier spoke as he helped the girl into the car: "Winter draws on."
Girl: "Is that any business of yours?"

Harry: "Where have you been during the last three dances?"
Alma: "Jimmy was showing me some new steps."
Harry: "Were they hard?"
Alma: "No. We took some cushions along."